The Melody of Life

SUSIE C. CLARK

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THE MELODY OF LIFE.

A

Presentation of Spiritual Truth

THROUGH

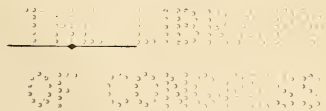
Musical Symbolism.

BY

SUSIE C. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "A LOOK UPWARD," "PILATE'S QUERY," "TO BEAR WITNESS," "LORITA," ETC.

"Music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress."
— *Shakespeare.*



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To

My dear Mother,

whose

patience, fidelity, and devotion

have so enriched the harmony

of

Life's song.

The Melody of Life

In

Five Cantos

I. The Staff . . . . . Spirit

II. The Key . . . . . Love

III. The Score . . . . Life

IV. The Rhythm . . . Action

V. The Melody . . . . Progression

The Staff . . . . . Spirit

" Music is the harmonious voice of creation, an echo of the invisible world, one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined one day to sound."

Mazzini.

" From Music's centre, Love first springs, and reaches outward by its tendrils tightly drawn, to clasp the universe and all contained therein. Men shall in time this lesson learn, that all of life is sweeter, fairer, more divinely grand because *Music is* — the Soul and Saviour even of all."

" The unbounded universe is one sleepless lyre, whose chords of love, of hope, of purity and peace are fanned into a dreamy and mystic melody by the breath of the invisible God."

Anon.

The Melody of Life.

I.

Music, as it is accepted, produced and loved on earth is not that full-toned harmony which is Life itself, which can only be sensed by the quickened ears of the spirit, when ensphered by those mighty vibrations pulsing through the vast ether, from the wondrous Harp of the Universe. Yet without Music's grand diapason, broken into tuneful fragments and shed broadcast on earth, mortal life would be an empty thing, since it is the beauty of Life and Love made audible. The Soul of Music pervades and inspires all life, and from the wide domain of Nature rings its sweet essence everywhere, its ceaseless Te Deum.

This entire visible world which we call the universe, although a mere fraction only of the vast infiniverse — that sum total of all the universes, whose conception transcends the capacity of the finite mind — is a harp of

myriad strings, each one pulsating to the tone struck by the Master Hand — the Creative Mæstro — all blending together in modulated harmony, a symphony of musical vibrations. Schopenhaur says that "were we able to give a thoroughly satisfactory theory of Music, we could give a thoroughly satisfactory theory of the world," which shows that he had caught the truth of vibration as the basis of all creation, all light, sound, thought and life. One can readily believe that "e'en the planets as they roll emit a melody divine," and that ears terrestrial have been purified from earthly dust sufficiently to catch the majestic strain, voicing its anthem of praise to the Infinite Unknowable Source of all Life.

Pythagoras was the first to suggest the idea of the Music of the Spheres, later expressed by Shakespeare in "The Merchant of Venice:"

"There s not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim."

Plato wrote that "a siren sits on each planet, who carols a most sweet song, agreeing to the motion of her own particular planet, but harmonizing with the other seven"; and according to Maximus Tyrius "the mere proper motion of the planets must create sounds, and as the planets move at regular intervals, those sounds must harmonize."

The Rosicrucian's theory of Music is that "the whole world is a musical instrument, life a chromatic and diatonic scale of musical tones. The axis, or pole of the celestial world, is intersected by the spiritual sun, or centre of sentient being and from thence stream forth rays of light, which divided, form color, which by motion, give off tones of music, filling the universe with celestial sound. Every man has a spark, or microscopic sun in his own being and thus diffuses rays of light and tones, broken, it is true, by the incoherencies of matter, but still in essence, musical tones. Earthly music is the faintest tradition of the angelic state. It remains in the mind of man

as the dream of a lost paradise. Music is yet master of man's emotions and therefore of man. Heavenly music is produced from impact upon the paths of the planets, which stand as chords, or strings to the rays of the sun, hence light and heat travelling between solar centres and circumferences waken tone-chords, the sum of which is etherial music. Thus is earthly music, a relic, a dream, a memory of heaven, an efflux from the motion of planetary bodies, a celestial speech whose dim echoes are heard and imitated on earth, and thus are light and love, are colors and music, inextricably combined by one producing cause."

It is true that all life in the macrocosm, or microcosm, is made up of a series of vibrations, moderate or rapid, making thus a pitch of high or low degree. And when we immortals do not keep to the right pitch, discord naturally ensues, health wanes, and fair, beauteous life becomes only a clay-bound existence, unillumined by the light of the Spirit.

Thence to express a perfectly healthy, active life we must become attuned and remain in harmonious rapport with the universe, must find our true pitch, our centre, and then attune that tonic chord to the eternal rhythm at the heart of nature, which always breathes in unison with the Creative Source of all harmony.

For Omnipotence in all its mighty works, is delicacy itself. That wonderful Force, over-ruling, underlying all creative expression, keeps Itself in time and tune. Its sway pulsates in alternate action and re-action, like the systole and diastole of the human heart. Tides ebb and flood, noonday follows the darkness of midnight, planets reach their perihelion and pass to the utmost limit of their solar tether, gigantic pendulums marking the epochs of evolution. Such rhythmical action everywhere obtains, that to catch its measure and pulsate with it, makes all action easy and devoid of weariness, as is the motion of the dancer's feet when music beats the time. Fatigue is forever past when that

life which men call life but which is mere existence, becomes one with the Rhythmic Breath, when its harmonious expression becomes our unbroken habit. "God breathed into man the breath of life and he became a living soul," that breath which was a vibration of a certain pitch and amplitude, to become one of the strings of His mammoth harp.

The natural world about us is something more than a stage where all the men and women are mere players, it is far more than a picturesque theatre of action. It is a part of us, we are one with it, its life is our life; it is only a slower vibration, a gradation of tone in the vast symphony of which we are tones, when we are not, alas, merely semi-tones. This inter-relation of each atom in the universe to every other atom, even the vitalized atoms in man, explains the necessity, proves the verity of that imperfectly understood science of Astrology. Planets strike the key for human action, if mortals could accord and co-operate

therewith. No fatalism is thus imposed, for the spirit of man, even when embodied, is one with the Power that spoke all worlds and souls into being. Its possibilities are limitless.

On the earliest page of Creation's wonderful score, while preparing a theatre for His musicians, His *vitalized tones*, the Great Composer uttered that wondrous word: "Let there be Light," quickening into action another range of vibrations of almost inconceivable velocity. For, while a sound of lowest, faintest quality can be heard by thirty-two air pulsations a second (all sounds being included between that low rate and 7,000 vibrations a second), the slowest rate of vibration at which the first color is visible is 39,000 a second, and a violet hue requires a sensation upon the eye of 61,000, its velocity being 900 trillions a second; the sense of smell, which is mere perception, ranges still higher, while beyond are the rays of odyllic and astral light caught by the super-sensitive vision. What are the vibrations accomplishing that lie

between those of sound and sight? Are they expended on the sense of touch, on mental and psychical lines, or thought waves? This is one of the mysteries reserved for our next College course in Life's school. And by then we may have grown to *hear* the message the flowers bear to us, to discern the entrancing melody flashed forth by the radiant hues of sunset. For while its rosy or golden brilliancy is seen by the natural eye, its musical rhythm will be caught by the spiritually unfolded ear, even as the eye of the spirit might also grow to detect the colors of musical tones sensed by the natural ear—the golden shimmer of the nightingale's trill, the deep green of the soughing pine. We say "I see—I hear"; we but catch the rhythm of certain vibrations, we discern motion of varying degrees of rapidity. As an occult writer has expressed it, "Motion is the ever-weaving shuttle of Omnipotence, bringing to light the thought of Infinite Mind." As our perceptions become refined beyond the plane of sensation, we readily detect the

vibration of a thought, and decide if it be keyed in divine rhythm sufficienlty to harmonize with our own pitch, even as now we clearly sense when a discordant tone is struck by an angry word, which is always unrelated to God's universe. That which seems light to the natural man is darkness to one of spiritual discernment. How illusive will matter appear when our spiritual eyes are opened. Spirit and Soul are Light itself, yet how few perceive them.

But Light, blessed Light, was the first godmother of all life. For what is the Source — God — as we term it? Is it not the Central Sun, the cosmic, radiating, emanating Glory, we know no more? As our solar sun is the source of all physical life and vegetation, so the flame that enkindles every spirit, the illumining power of every soul, is the Infinite Sun, the Eternal Energy, in which the warmth of love, the fire of intellect, and of all other attributes are ensphered. God is Spirit (not a Spirit), God is Light. How sadly

the misconception of God, and the misunderstanding of man's true relation to God and to his fellow man, have proven gigantic obstacles in the path of human progress toward the Light of Truth! The light of the spirit at its point of union with divinity, how few perceive it! Fewer still recognize Deity as an all-pervading Glory, eternally immanent within the soul.

There is something very attractive and acceptable in the Zoroastrian religion, although Parseeism has been debased in recent times from its original pure ideal, both by the Guebres, or Fire worshipers, in the small barren tract of Persia, to which they were restricted after the Mohammedan invasion, and also by that branch which emigrated to Hindustan and eventually imbibed Hindu customs and caste distinctions, grafting them onto their own faith. But the pure Zoroastrian conception, few modern disciples of Truth could gainsay. It recognizes one God, omnipotent, invisible, without form, the

creator, ruler, and preserver of the universe. He is called Ormuzd, and sprang from primeval Light, which Itself emanated from a supreme, incomprehensible Essence, that cannot be named, called the Eternal. The sun is the eye of Ormuzd, and like all heavenly bodies is animated with a soul. Comets, or stars with tails, are considered under the care of the greater luminaries, Sirius, the dog-star, having general control over the whole sidereal system. (Modern astronomical discoveries conceive, as we know, of Alcyone as central star.) Ormuzd, it was taught, created a number of good spirits to act as the medium of his bounty to man, and intrusted them each with the guardianship of a certain person, an animal, or inanimate object. (How inevitably are we confronted with some form of spiritualism in every religious faith, ancient or modern.) The spirits of the stars were held to exert a beneficent influence upon the affairs of men and to reveal the secrets of the

future to those who understand their signs. Hence Astrology has always been a favorite science with the Persians. The worship of idols, or of anything except Ormuzd, was held in abomination, but a reverence for the fire and the sun was inculcated, as they are the emblems of the glory of the Supreme Deity.

But these worshipers did not ignore the shadow. To Ormuzd as the source of all good, is opposed Ahrinam, the cause of evil. To worship the good and hate the bad, are the two fundamental articles of the Parsee creed. Prayer, obedience, industry, honesty, hospitality, alms-giving and chastity, with that rare Eastern virtue of truthfulness, are enjoined, while envy, hatred, quarreling, anger, revenge and polygamy are strictly forbidden. Fasting and celibacy are considered displeasing to Ormuzd. Sacred fire is kept continually burning in consecrated places and is fed with choice wood and spices. The Parsees never blow out a light

because the breath is thought to pollute this emblem of Deity.

To the aspiring soul, an ever-burning fire, or better still, the glorious orb of day, is the only acceptable symbol of the Un-nameable One, the Source. How much truer, more widely suggestive it is than the universally reverenced cross (relic of ancient phallic, or sex worship) and designed to portray or keep vital in the mind of man, the vicarious suffering and atonement of a man God, a divine sacrifice for mortal ignorance, before its growth was sufficiently ripened to become wise, and therefore able to renounce the evil and turn to the light, as it has not yet wholly done.

But *every* man as well as the matchless Nazarene, is a manifestation of God in varying degrees. Man is not God, even as Nature is not God, but he is a divine manifestation. The one grand central sun of being — God — radiates His rays of life and love to all the systems of the universe and

the life they bear. He is the law that rounds the dewdrop, shapes a world, and throbs with love in the human heart.

From whirling suns out-speeding hurled
Are atoms cast that form a world;
Sparks thrown from fiery chariot wheel;
From tangent line, they pause and reel,
Gain equipoise, obedience feel
To Law supreme.

From mighty centre of Deific Life,
With floating, starry soul-germs rife,
Comes forth a wavering, nascent spark,
Down groping thro' crude matter dark,
To find as innate choice shall mark
Its destined form.

Like world, like soul, each birth must be
Controlled by Order's fixed decree;
With mountain or with mote, the same;
Law, Nature, God, how'er we name
The First Great Cause, the Central Flame
Whose sparks are we.

The great philosopher, Plato, who was ever reasoning about the origin and destiny of the soul, and aspiring toward the Divine, taught the existence of one Supreme Being, without beginning, end, or change. He called it the Good, and compared it to the sun which, he said "not only makes objects visible but is the cause of their generation, nutriment, and increase. So the Good, through super-essential light, imparts being and the power of being known to everything, which is the object of knowledge."

In other words, as the Light, which we cannot touch, or handle, is all-pervading, as Life, which is beyond definition, is omnipresent, so is Spirit the breath, fire and force of all life, the all-pervading, abiding essence, in which is no darkness at all. The Light of Spirit is indeed the Staff on which our life melody must be written, the only foundation on which to build. Then should not the goal of all living and striving be the constant endeavor to come closer in touch with the

Divine Spirit, to realize more fully the potency of Spirit, and our ability to grasp and wield the same, until the Light of the Eternal Sun shall shine in us and through us, and be shed abroad by our every act and word?

How broad and universal this deep consciousness of Spirit makes him who has gained it; how it unfolds his nature, enlarges his sympathies, deepens his interest in all life, brings him in close, intelligent touch with that vast, pictorial life which Nature holds, in its varied forms, which is a perpetual feast, an education, and a benediction, brings him in harmonious relation also with that larger life as expressed in humanity, and relates him consciously to that still more advanced, arisen life, in the spheres beyond. It is all one beutiful Life wherever expressed; one all-pervading Breath, and we are one with it; a strong, masterful part of the Infinite Life, a necessary factor in its purposes, a potent agency in the fulfillment of its plans.

Spirit being the only reality, the one life, it follows then there can come no separation between spirit and spirit under any circumstances, clothed or unclothed with clay, bond or free. Once reaching the high vibrations of spiritual realization, there is indissoluble one-ness with all life, each soul must vibrate intelligently with any other soul to whom it is attuned, in unbroken communion and helpful intercourse. To hold any other opinion, relegates the thinker to the dark ages of blind materialism. To question one's belief in spirit companionship and communion (a privilege which the Master enjoyed, and to which he lent the sanction of his example, both while wearing the fleshly form and after his release therefrom), is quite uncomplimentary and discourteous. For it goes without saying that the intelligent person of today, one who has outgrown materialism, must of necessity be a Spiritualist in the truest, the best and highest sense of the word. There is but one life, the life of spirit, the

life of freedom, of illumination, but the majority of mortals are not yet alive, and cannot comprehend in its beauty, fullness and wonderful power what Life is — the Life which is spirit. They cannot feel the attraction of spirit, are content to pursue a merely mundane, material existence of clay-bound consciousness. We do not assert "There is no matter," for matter is spirit at its slowest rate of vibration, spirit solidified, even as ice is a materialized form of water ; matter is necessary on this plane of expression for all human experience, is thus a factor in all spiritual growth and unfoldment, but *victory over it* is the goal, spiritual mastery the prize to seek, instead of idle enjoyment of the pleasures and appetites which the material realm affords.

There are many excellent traits of human character whose possession and exercise are often ranked as spirituality of the highest type, until conceptions of what this grandest soul-attribute really is have become vague

and imperfect. If a person who is born of exemplary parents and is reared in a refined environment, shielded from every temptation, screened from the contact, or knowledge of vice, if such a one expresses a high ethical unfoldment, if an honorable morality characterizes his every act, he is pronounced by his partial friends, and usually by the world, as "so spiritual, you know," when it is frequently true that such untried, untested natures have never gained even a distant vision of their own spiritual possibilities, they have no plummet with which to gauge the depth of the Infinite Sea of Spirit.

Quite frequently also a cultured intellect is mistaken for spirituality, and the masters of mental development are considered reliable guides to the heights of the soul. But intellectual giants are often, perhaps usually, spiritual pigmies, and Truth must be spiritually discerned, can never be intellectually apprehended. An active intellect is a serious bar to the unfoldment and exercise of intui-

tion which is the most direct avenue to soul wisdom. For the mind is largely an external gate. Its chief office is to collect data, accumulate treasure from the sense plane. Intellect therefore becomes proud, rasping, selfish, which is fatal to all spiritual growth; and to the brain which is wise in its own conceits, to that mind which is ossified by its own preconceived opinions, inspiration rarely comes. Except ye become as a little child, ye cannot enter the kingdom of spirituality. None would disparage the broadest, deepest intellectualculture, since an all-round knowledge of facts on the external and mental planes, the most advanced philosophical conceptions are most essential to the active soul, but like the possession of gold, so likewise an abundance of intellectual wealth breeds arrogance in its possessor. The intellect is always self-reliant, never God-reliant. It is the pure in heart who see God, who find the omnipotent Good. It is not the mentally keen who gain this primal beatitude, the

ineffable vision, that spiritual discernment to which the treasures of Truth are revealed.

There are many sweet-souled invalids also who misconceive their prostration as a visitation of divine providence, the expression for them of the will of God, and therefore an experience to be submissively borne ; and such serene attitude under physical suffering is interpreted as the mark of great spirituality ; it may perhaps prove the road that leads eventually to spiritual heights. But the fact remains that no soul who has gained spiritual realization can be overtaken by illness. It is the pitiful lack of spirituality in this material world that accounts for the prevalence of disease. If perfect health exists in the soul, nothing else can be expressed in the body. But if fear and worry betoken a soul partially divorced from its Source, if lack of poise advertises the paucity of that perfect trust which divine union always supplies, then weakness and disorder must ensue.

There is likewise a spiritual conciousness which is not spirituality, albeit this consciousness should also be the goal of every spirit while embodied, the ability to transcend the weight and sensation of the body, to walk as spirits should, hardly feeling the ground passed over, to annul the physical laws of fatigue, of contagion, of drafts, and many other features of mortal life, to know in a measure while wearing a body, what it really is to be a spirit, to be truly conscious on the spiritual plane now, something more than an inert clod of clay; this is our privilege and prerogative, and the progressive spirit should press steadily on towards such attainment. But the ability to thus transcend material consciousness is however sometimes reached through the psychic plane, through the semi-trance, or the absorption of silence, by which there is temporary divorcement between the spirit and the body, even to the possibility of making long excursions into the spiritual realm, but on returning to the normal state,

little mastery has been gained to dominate physical weakness or bondage.

Perhaps no other word can better express spirituality than that of mastery, which yields a selflessness whose possessor never dreams that he has it. There can be separate conquests over various foibles and temptations; there are triumphs over besetting habits which harden into sins, but all these and far more must be mastered, each mortal battle must be fought, each victory won, before the soul is monarch of its own realm, and spirituality is attained.

There is an occult precept that only those who have gone out from God, returning, knew Him, that one can only thoroughly appreciate God who has ample knowledge of evil. It was only after the world had known its dark ages that it reached a renaissance, a period of new birth, of art, literature, or science. From the darkness, the ashes of materialism, a religion of spirit–ualism is born, an era of new thought: the reign of

health after the wounds and diseases of the people are healed, the long bondage of physical infirmity ended. It is after the soul has known its dire eclipse, its midnight gloom, the dense shadow of outer darkness, that the call is heard: "arise, shine, for thy light is come," the voice of the divinity latent within, always waiting to be heard. The Light arises in the East — symbol of eternal youth — when the soul awakes to know itself, for the soul is ageless, knows naught of time. It ticks off its existences, or expressions, through clay, as with a second-hand on the clock of eternity. It accepts the limitation of matter only to triumph over it. And this is our stent in the present existence, at this very hour, to dominate the clay, to bring strength out of weakness, freedom from the bondage of the flesh, harmony out of mundane discords, to achieve victory over mortal defeats, and a glorious triumph over repeated failures.

In every musical staff, the spaces between

the lines are as valuable, important, as the lines themselves. A richly, rounded life must taste all experiences, must sound its full value in every position, must know every note of the scale, before it will need the ledger lines above the staff, to accommodate its lofty expression. Richter has said "Every note of Mozart's is a round in the ladder of the spheres, by which he ascended to the Heaven of perfection." Our realization of spirit forms our ladder and our staff. This is the Alpha and Omega, the *do* and *si*, through every octave in the scale of life. For Spirit is life, action, abounding energy, unflagging zeal; it brings growth — aspiration — inspiration — at-one-ment.

There are some ripened souls that shed a radiance that can be felt, the illumination consciously won cannot be wholly veiled by the eclipsing flesh. Did not the Master counsel "let your light shine before men that they may glorify your Father which is in Heaven." That light must stream from the

kingdom within, the true heaven where dwelleth the Father. For even the illumined soul shines with a reflected light, the light of the Eternal. "*For in them he hath set a tabernacle for the sun.*" The glory is not individual, but gained through the at-one-ment of the soul with the Over Soul, even as the perfected being symbolized by the Woman of the Apocalypse is clothed with the sun; the moon (representing all earthly conditions) under her feet, while all planetary influences (which can only dominate the physical man) are worn upon the brow as a crown of conquest.

Then be so pervaded with the light of the Spirit, so thrilled with the wondrous, indescribable consciousness of Spirit, that life really becomes a life in the spirit world now, even the weight of the body is annulled, the bondage of sensation is overcome, the old law of fatigue outgrown, for we come in touch with spiritual laws, with freedom, emancipation from pain and disease, which

should not afflict spirits such as we are, we gain a foretaste of what it really is to be a spirit. For puerile thoughts of the mundane plane are transcended by the vibrations of wisdom from Omniscience, with which we thus become attuned, and realization of Spirit dawns, of our true spiritual estate, all there is of us, naught else abides. Only then shall we live as spirits should, then shall we know and grasp all of spiritual truth, which our growing capacity can hold, then all darkness, error and discord shall flee away, because "thy light has come." "Let there be light" —the light of the Infinite Sun—Absolute Spirit.

Satellites we of a Central Sun,
  Evolved therefrom, revolving ever,
Our life, its life, its light our flame,
  Our goal and constant endeavor.
Our warmth its glow; our power and strength
  Shines in each ray that streams to bless
And light our path, on the journey trod
  From error to truth and holiness.

Differing magnitudes, small and great,
We human planets present to view;
Different orbits we each may trace,
While to law of allegiance true.
Comets there are who dart to and fro
In a way most erratic and odd;
But e'en their course encircles the sun,
Naught can satisfy the soul but God.

O Light of Life, Source of all loving
Evolver of each thought that burns
And glows with beauty when raised t'ward Thee
But darkens when from Thee it turns,
Make us true as magnet to pole-star,
As unswerving, unflinching, and pour
On us Thy radiance and glory;
May we bask in Thy beams evermore.

II.

The Key . . . . . Love

LIFE'S KEY.

The hand that fashioned me tuned my ear
To chord with the major key;
In the darkest moments of life I hear
Strains of courage, and hope and cheer
From choirs that I cannot see;
And the music of life seems so inspired
That it will not let me grow sad or tired.

Yet through and under the magic strain
I hear, with the passing of years,
The mournful minor's measures of pain,
Of souls that struggle and toil in vain
For a goal that never nears;
And the sorrowful cadence of good gone wrong
Breaks more and more into earth's glad song.

And oft, in the dark of the night, I wake
And think of sorrowing lives;
And I long to comfort the hearts that ache,
To sweeten the cup that is bitter to take,
And to strengthen each soul that strives.

I long to cry to them: "Do not fear!
Help is coming and aid is near."

However desolate, weird, or strange
Life's monody sounds to you,
Before to-morrow the air may change,
And the great Director of music arrange
A programme perfectly new;
And the dirge in minor may suddenly be
Turned into a jubilant song of glee.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

II.

The master of musical harmony who would weave his grand tone-thoughts into melody, must first, of course, have his staff on which to inscribe the same, and then he must select the key in which his full anthem, or symphony shall find expression. Likewise man, in transcribing his anthem of life, from his grand foundation of spirit, the staff of existence, as of life, must work out his own individual type of harmony (or perhaps of discord), must find and strike clear and true the key-note of his character.

But we also have a physical key-note. It is indeed true that organically we each have our own tone. And an advanced disciple of truth, one of occult powers, can readily ascertain by sweeping the strings of an autoharp, or striking the chords of a piano, to what musical key each personal presence is attuned, because not until the right key is

struck is the astral light made clear enough for him to read clairvoyantly the aura indicating his sitter's life and aspects, which flashes upon him when the vibrations stirred by the right chords harmonize with the human vibrations before him. It is even claimed that true development is seldom reached until the student ascertains his right key, or at least, spiritual unfoldment is greatly aided thereby, and thence by chanting in said musical key, before entering the silence of contemplation, some of the Sudras or invocations of occult devotion, such as:

"O Divine Truth, the living Christ! Abide in me, Thou in me and I in thee, O God!"

"Arise O my Soul! Arise O my Soul! In Truth and Light be free! Out in the shining mists of eternity, arise O my Soul!"

For those who are trying to measure the possibilities of healing through harmony, of treating the sick by both vocal and instrumental music, the effect might be magical if the physical key-note of the patient could be

ascertained, and some grand affirmations of truth were sung into the consciousness of the sufferer until his lowered tone were thus raised through responsive vibrations, to concert pitch, to a normal state of health. It is possible that the angels often try this method of reforming the wayward, uplifting the downcast and healing the sin-sick soul.

But while the method referred to, of chanting some devout aspiration in one's own key, might assist in detaching the mind from the mundane plane of thought, and lend wings to growth, let none be discouraged if he lacks this aid, since the true gateway, the royal road to spiritual unfoldment is *realization of spirit* which awaits, invites us all.

Then apart from this distinct musical key of our physical nature, there is the temperamental key that gives expression to the tone, the grave or gay, sad or merry, patient or hasty, features however that need not be copyrighted and unchangeable. They can be modulated, transformed, and the song of

life gain richness, strength and sweetness thereby, and this is one of the tasks set for the true master of spiritual harmony.

Human types of character are nothing if not distinctly individual. It is as rare to find two natures alike as to find two blades of grass, or two leaves upon a tree of the same pattern. There are human roses and human thistles. In every social circle there are firm, sturdy growths, and clinging vines, fragrant blossoms, and, alas! poisonous thorns. Traces of both the vegetable and animal kingdom, which we have perhaps passed through in our upward climb, still cling to our garments, and should serve as a goad toward a still higher, more spiritual growth.

For it is the *divine* key with which it should be our life endeavor to accord — the key-note of Love — of universal, supreme, impartial love, to neighbor, friend, or stranger alike. This tone, like a dominant note, like the clear peal of a bell, or golden cymbal, should ring through every thought and act

and word of life's symphony. How much of the discord, the differences which lead to quarreling, to spite, and even that dangerous attribute, hate — the seed-thought of all murder — comes of too close adherence to individual types, stickling for personal rights or opinions, in narrow, selfish assertiveness, instead of seeking eagerly, lovingly, for points of agreement with one's neighbor. For such harmony can always be found, since it is divine law. If we pound and jangle the wires of our musical instruments, they will not stay in tune. Keep to the pitch. Vibrate with harmony always, and then Love must find expression.

If our nations would thus cease to emphasize their differences, and in amicable conference seek for points of agreement, then their formidable quarrels, their desires for unrighteous usurpation would not be decided by blood-shed and the sacrifice of many innocent, disinterested lives. And it is claimed that peace was preserved in Europe, that

for three years, two belligerent nations were held at bay by the vibratory thought waves of a company of holy men who, whether together or separated by long distances, retired into the silence at noon-day, and after inviting the harmonious action of long, deep breathing, concentrated the atmosphere of love, peace, and good will upon those rival courts. How great a matter a little fire kindleth, even so little a thing as the vibration caused by a breath and a thought. Let us see to it that no thought-waves of envy, malice, or jealousy from our minds, shall encourage conditions for the continuance of war upon earth.

Why does a panic of fear so quickly spread through a crowd of people? One feels it, if blind to any cause therefor. The contagion of thought, we say, but what is the medium of that contagion? The eolian harp-strings of the air, the etheric waves which convey the vibrations charged with fear to our perception as quickly as they can

carry tone to the ear, or light to the eye. They strike the key-note of fear. How must we then change the atmosphere of every room we enter by the vibrations our varying thoughts convey, or emotions excite, an atmosphere, too, not confined to that room, for like the pebble thrown into the pool, who can tell how far and wide its eddying circles may reach? We all create thought-currents with which other minds connect. Then think thoughts of love and sympathy while performing your daily duties, and the hard task of some weary laborer may thus grow lighter and easier. Create music in the hearts of others. Make all lives a song, since your brotherhood is universal. This is what a spiritual or mental treatment accomplishes. It raises the patient's vibration to a higher tone, helps him to strike true and clear his own key-note.

It has been prophesied that ere long a musical cult will arise, for which modern students may not yet be ready, although its

principles have long been in practice in occult lodges, and one woman in London has published a brief outline of her musical theories which she labels "The Secret of Happiness." It is somewhat complicated, a little fanciful, and to thoroughly portray it would require a paint-brush, a black-board, and a piano, but a brief outline may be verbally suggested.

Taking first the seven colors of the prism, or rainbow, in their order, from lowest to highest in vibration, we have red, orange, yellow, green, blue, amethyst and violet, or indigo. Place beneath these varied hues, the first seven notes of the musical scale, named from the first seven letters of the alphabet — A, B, C, D, E, F, and G. This makes A red, B orange, C yellow, &c., and as in every scale, the common chord, or triad, is made by the first, third and fifth notes of the scale, so the first, third and fifth colors of the spectrum are the three primary colors, Red, Yellow and Blue, of which all other

tints and shades are combinations. They form the main triad of the rainbow scale.

Now starting from the musical Key-note of A, this writer's theory makes the scale of A-minor the one representing our embodiment in matter, its corresponding color, Red, representing the life-blood of the body, this scale the least brilliant of any, of a character so restless and unsatisfying that the listening ear of the soul is never quite at rest until the harmony modulates into a resultant major key, just as material life alone never can satisfy even the materialist. Intellectual and spiritual appetites yearn for their own sustenance. But, building up this A-minor scale to its chord, the first note A, representing the man Adam, C, the next letter of the triad would then represent Eve, because growing out of Adam, as the woman was said allegorically, to have been made by taking a rib from Adam's side. Now starting from this note C, to make another scale, that of C-major, always noble and frank in tone, but

which still represents a natural or material life, a cheerier harmony than that of A-minor, as the womanly nature is of a finer grade than the masculine, but yet limited as to beauty and richness of its harmony and (according to our theory) emphasizing the natural or sexual love, a love that is always selfish and leads to bondage, one to another. And this scale (the only perfectly natural one on the keyboard) is the one to which the race is now attuned. Its triad, C, E, and G, if we match the notes to their corresponding colors, yellow, blue, violet, using with each its own symbolism (which differs somewhat from that to which we have been accustomed, but each teacher or student has perfect freedom to select his own), would yield the attributes of Love, Knowledge and Reverence. But it is the Love of the natural plane, is still a physical love, the Knowledge is that of the head, often used to oppress and enslave others, and the Reverence of the natural plane is

that felt by the mortal mind for theological creed, established authority, for title, money or fame. And so this very natural triad is found wanting, as the material life always is. Even the colors of textures once in vogue were crude and garish, intensely natural. There have been delicate chromatic combinations of shades devised in this modern age of electric lights and æsthetic taste.

And so now the desire of this new apostle is expressed through the symbolism of raising the pitch of human life a semi-tone higher, by ascending the chromatic scale from C to C-sharp. This would make of our tone *color* of C (the deep yellow) a paler tint in which would be blended the white of purity, indicating a more spiritual love. Constructing then our new scale from C-sharp, we find every note must be sharped for our spiritual triad, and to express the new life which mortals are to live. Every faculty must be raised to a higher rate of vibration, become spiritualized. Love must be purified

from all things physical, Knowledge raised to a comprehension of spiritual truth and a merely human reverence transformed into a divine awe of the Source of all expression.

The theory claims correctly that every created being has his key-note and that his body is weak or strong, healthy or diseased, as his physical triad is major or minor, in tune or in discord. And the least touch of anger, hate, or sensuality brings discord into his chord, and so disease or deformity into his body. The purest love and a life emanating therefrom keeps one at C-sharp pitch. We want every faculty spiritualized; as Channing said, "to let the spiritual grow up through the common." We want passion converted into purest love; tastes, desires and appetites purified; aspirations quickened, strengthened, uplifted, until nothing but perfect at-one-ment with the Father will satisfy the dominant soul. "As the hart panteth for the water brooks, so thirsteth my soul for

thee, O God." This should be our yearning voice, our song of life.

The natural A holds 435 vibrations in a second, the A, one octave above, has 870, and every tone between, its relative pulse-beat of normal health. Now our theorist in London is clamoring for only a semi-tone's higher pitch. We want to raise our life-range another octave, to sing the old melodies in a higher, clearer key. On the physical plane, we should first of all strike the key-note of health. There is no good or reasonable excuse for discord here, no need of disease, or jangling mental vibrations which introduce sharps and accidentals into the pure, wholesome, natural key. What health Nature exhibits in her wild, untamed moods, what exuberance of growth in her forests while unpolluted by human artificiality; also in the animal kingdom in its natural state. That top-most flower on the tree of evolution — man, reserves for himself the questionable distinction of illness, of physical inharmony.

He falls below the key, the right key, for he accords only with physical laws, attunes himself to material conditions. If contagion walks abroad in the land, he speedily catches the tune of that agitated vibration; if the weather suddenly changes to cold, or warm, or wet, he proceeds to have a chill, or influenza, or a collapse of his usual strength. He listens and responds to the wrong tuning-fork, his belief in physical potency is his weak point, the cause of all his woe. Let him vibrate to the consciousness of invincible strength, an unassailable poise, an emancipation from fleshly conditions, and the key of perfect health will be struck and held with long, full tone of increasing volume, richness and purity.

Then in the daily task, strike the tone of good cheer, however trying and uncongenial the toil. Rev. Mr. Gannett has written a beautiful paper on "Blessed be Drudgery," showing that many of the virtues such as fidelity, perseverance, patience can never be

fully won without the experience of persistent, long-continued Drudgery. It is the polishing-wheel for the diamond. Then bear it heroically, cheerily. Even a minor fugue can be glorified by the radiant soul of the performer into a full-toned anthem of praise; the divine key of Love and Wisdom can be traced through every sad, pathetic strain. Never lose sight of that key. Copy it carefully in your daily intercourse with your fellows. They may not yet have caught it, are waiting perhaps unconsciously for your lead. See that your tone is not lowered to their possibly untrained level. If they are cross, or quarrelsome, your smile and cheery word should be all the sweeter, stronger until they catch the same tune.

"Be more cheerful; do not worry;
There is time enough to do
Every day the daily duties
That your Father sendeth you,
And to find some little moments
For heart-music fresh and new."

Music is not simply a cadence of sweet sounds that greets one from without. Music is within the soul, where love has its kingdom, and its magical vibrations must be quickened outward from a source of harmony innately spiritual. Then let harmony in every expression of life be maintained at any cost, if the desired goal is health of body, or of mind. For all life is cradled in her soul, and her divine vibrations are most essential to the growth of every human spirit. Then let Music's richest wealth pervade thy being. Reach out from thy weary body, oh earth-bound mortal, and become bathed in her deep forceful tide until the soul of Music speaks in and through your own. With a soul in perfect tune, sickness or prostration are impossible. The octave of the human and the divine are in perfect accord.

Harmony is not alone a soft and pleasant essence like the fragrance of a fragile flower, to be occasionally enjoyed. It is force, it is protection from all error, it is strength invin-

cible, life *fortissimo*, being one with the Soul of the universe. Eventually, the rich harmony of music and the deep cadence of truth will blend as they furnish a baptism and a quickening for the waiting ones who aspire for wisdom. The sweet notes of human life will vibrate on the atmosphere in perfect harmony with that great vibratory Ocean which bears outward and upward in a rising scale, the music of ripened souls.

Among the inspired teachings of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond are found these strong, practical suggestions: "The state of the system is so much affected by the condition of the mind, that if mortals knew this, all sweet and harmonious things, all words, all thoughts would be guarded, and the expression or existence of a word of discord or antagonism would be as steadily and constantly guarded against as poison. Each individual would remember that the household is dependent upon the spiritual harmony of its members, and that society is made up in its health-

giving properties not by mere formal politeness, but by the good feeling which constitutes the brotherhood of man. Anger, envy, pride, all these things that disqualify human beings for association with one another, are poisons in the mental atmosphere, vibrations as real as color; you bear them with you in your auras and take them with you as a portion of your atmosphere. If you are angry, it is like a shaft of fire into the heart of your friend or foe. If you have pride, it is like a wall of adamant that surrounds you, preventing the approach of human sympathy. If you have envy, it is like a shiny serpent coiling itself at your feet, and giving forth its venom in tongues of slander and defamation. If you have any unseemly thoughts, they form absolutely gross atmospheres that surround you and make your social circle uncomfortable by your presence.

"On the other hand, the grace of manner, the kindly speech and word, the extension of the hand in token of the sympathy of the

heart, the adjustment of the mind to the needs and ways of others, the charity that recognizes the imperfections of others, but does not condemn them — these make up the spiritual atmosphere without which no food that you can eat, and no raiment that you can wear, and no habitation that you can occupy, will do you any good whatsoever. Season your food with spice of mirth, geniality and affection, and it does not matter what the viand may be, it is wholesome and conducive to health. Let it, on the other hand, be embittered or soured with discord and dissonance, and it contains no property of nourishment, and humanity is starved to death."

All man can owe his fellow-man is to love him. It is "the giving that does not impoverish. It increases by being diffused." The practice of loving is the fulfilling of the whole law. Then love everybody and taste the pure joy it will bring, because of the reflex wave of harmony it will ensure. "All of Truth is involved in Love. The purer the

love we have, the more of Truth we know." Victor Hugo wrote: "Love is the divine spark, a portion of the soul itself. It is a point of fire within us, which is immortal and infinite, which nothing can limit and nothing extinguish. Man is a reduced copy of God, a duodecimo of the gigantic folio, but nevertheless the same book." And Ingersoll finely said, "Love is the many-colored flame that makes the fireside of the heart — the perfect climate of the soul."

Love is the one great law, the human centre of gravity, vibrating from the solar plexus, that gateway between the spiritual and natural man. It transforms the brute into the divine. That heart which is attuned to Love and hence which longs necessarily for spiritual light and divine illumination, must steadily, even though gradually increase its vibrations, until they transcend mortal consciousness, and then the ineffable melody of spirit life, that harmony which is

not of earth, sounding through and above all mundane discords, is already won.

"Of all the arts beneath the heaven
That man has found, or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away
As Music's melting, mystic lay;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit all to love."

James Hogg.

III.

The Score . . . . . Life

"All one's life is music, if one touches the notes rightly, and in time."

"Music is the language spoken by angels."

Longfellow.

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

The trouble, I think, with us all,
Is the lack of a high conceit.
If each man thought he was sent to this spot
To make it a bit more sweet,
How soon we could gladden the world,
How easily right all wrong,
If noboby shirked, and each one worked
To help his fellows along.
Cease wondering why you came,
Stop looking for faults and flaws,
Rise up to-day in your pride and say:
"I am part of the First Great Cause;
However full the world,
There is room for an honest man,
It has need of *me* or I would not be,
I am here to strengthen the plan."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

III.

When the musical composer from the travail of his teeming soul, gives birth to the grand oratorio, or symphony, he breaks up, or separates his glowing bouquet of tone-flowers into scattered bits of harmony, placing a full rich blossom here, a bud or graceful tendril of tone there, all and each to be re-combined with charming grace and sweetness into that majestic creation which haunted and entranced his soul. A multitude of musical staffs are necessary to produce the united grand effect. To one performer in his orchestra, airy semi-quavers and grace notes are given, to pick out on vibrant string, another musician receives only an occasional full sustained note, to swell, and rise and fall, as his own breath shall will. Still another's part is to remain silent (as those mortals do whose service is to stand and wait) through long periods of rest, while

the lighter melodies reveal their sweeter delicacy, and thus lend the charm of contrast and cumulative effect to the triumphant crescendo of the full-toned wave of Harmony's flood-tide. The separate bits of this combined score would be quite uninteresting, even unmusical, if given alone. In union there is melody, as well as strength.

This is typical of the solidarity of life, the absolute necessity of a universal love and brotherhood, to rightly comprehend and interpret the divine melodies in our song of life. Our symphony cannot be rendered alone, as a solitary tone. Human types of character should not be too rigidly individual. Sharp corners should be lopped off, here and there, to lend an easier modulation to the general harmony. The Infinite Conductor who wields His baton of beneficent Law, to the key-note of Love, over His human orchestra, entrusts only a small bit of His majestic score of life to each soul. The performer who would endeavor to play his part alone, would

not only make himself ridiculous thereby, but miss his important share in the grand effect, and become stranded on his self-created waves of discord.

We should never lose sight of the inter-relation of souls, and keep actively in mind the duty each soul owes to every other soul, not as a compulsion, as a bondage to chafe under, but as a blessed union, without which its own life would be incomplete, lacking in its full rich vibration of Love's surpassing strain. More and more as we advance spiritually, as a higher growth is slowly won, do we realize our oneness with all life, not one life left out, for only thus can we understand life, and keep our gaze, single and pure, fixed upon the Source and Goal of all life — the Primal, Eternal Harmony.

What is life? Is it this mortal existence merely, this birth and death, infancy, youth, manhood, old age? Is it study and research, striving and grasping, failing and winning, outstripping our fellows in the race and being

outstripped in our turn? Is it short-lived joy, then tears, despair and all the pandemonium of emotion incident to the unfolding human nature? If this be life, then the crash and blare of a Wagner tempest, — a Dante's Inferno in tone — would fitly comprise our ideal of Music. And even when this mortal life becomes far more than a tumultuous, discordant existence, when through long soul experience the true spiritual life becomes manifest, when only human feet are tethered to earthly pathways, and the real consciousness has become linked and attuned to eternal realms, even then, this whole episode on earth, though it be the richest, grandest of human expressions, is but one brief note in the ascending scale of absolute Life. And we cannot, with this limited fragment of the score, which we are studying now and here, conceive what is its original and complete design, what is the scope and breadth and sweep for each soul of Eternity's grand diapason.

Strange indeed is it that minds are antagonized by this pregnant thought, that mortals rebel at the suggestion of a plurality of existences as the only possible path to the conquest of life. The mighty truth which this law holds, its wide outlook on the problems of life, naturally chemicalizes all error incident to one of more narrow range of vision. With advancement, every doubter must eventually grow into acceptance of all truth, and to the discovery that this revealment will yet become a hope of the world, lead forcibly toward its redemption and higher wisdom.

It is alone an overwhelming argument in favor of the verity of this philosophy that it has lived as a faith so long, and steadily grown toward a wider acceptance, in the Occident, as in the Orient. Kingdoms and dynasties have been born, waxed strong and reached their zenith, waned and fallen, even Messiahs and prophets have come to the world and again withdrawn, while this doctrine has held its prestige with unwavering

strength. Of only Truth is such vitality and longevity possible. Fallacies are short-lived and soon forgotten.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

That wonderful, indefinable power which we call God, is a perpetual Creator, the Author of an unending Genesis, whose chapters are never completed, each day, each hour marking a new "In the beginning He created the heavens and the earth," a new heaven and a new earth, perpetually. Now, the finite soul, inheriting, or rather from its oneness with the Over Soul already possessing innately each divine attribute, is likewise by inalienable birthright, a perpetual creator. Shall it then be satisfied with one brief, spasmodic, imperfect attempt at creative expression, rest content with one solitary conception

of its power, one puny illustration of its divine possibilities, as a partially developed man or woman? Souls must taste all experience to become god-like, must know all forms of life to comprehend life and divinity.

How does the sculptor fashion the perfect statue? By first practicing in clay. He makes a hand, an arm, perhaps lingers days over a foot, models a mouth and chin, imperfect fragments all, but gradually approaching his ideal, his varied experiments finally express that glorious form of beauty and grace which lured him on. There is no other way for us but *to practice in the clay*, and thus express our mastery over it. And then when the *form* has arisen from that of the dwarf or the savage, to master through its aid, and through the soul's added experience, other ideals, other powers inherited from its divine Prototype, which so thrill and urge the soul toward a perfect unfoldment. For even a Mozart or a Beethoven, having reached their zenith of musical genius, might

long to express another, as yet undeveloped side of their complex nature (which must be all-inclusive if divine) as a Raphæl, or an Angelo. "We awake and find ourselves upon a stair. There are stairs below us, many a one, which we seem to have ascended, others await us that go up and out of sight."

Not alone as the great solvent of human riddles does this truth most strongly appeal to us, although it does explain the miseries of life, the unacceptable rulings of a presumably Infinite Justice in mortal experiences as nothing else can, and without which one's belief in an All Wise Love is almost stranded and wrecked; but far more than this, the supreme triumph of the soul (known in occult parlance as the Great Renunciation), is possible only through the flesh, and after repeated expressions therein. Only through the thick veil of sorrow can human eyes at length become incapable of tears, which alone allows clearness of vision; only through tast-

ing the cup of earthly pleasure to its bitter dregs can its emptiness be discovered, the insufficiency of all human ideals; only through having our unwise yearnings granted, our imperative demands and selfish prayers answered, can we gain a perfect at-one-ement with the divine will and a complete renouncing of our own self choosing. Only thus is the dross of personal selfishness purged away, only by fire is the pure gold of the soul cleansed from alloy.

Now do souls usually attain such victory in one passage from the cradle to the grave even if they start from the possible ripeness of former experiences, which have advanced them on the road, enabled them in a degree to transcend the personal and the human? The Christs and the Buddhas of the race have not been very plentiful examples of soul advancement. And then after such triumph has been won, when all past error has been spent, every debt paid, desire exhausted, the world overcome, and the divine image and

likeness perfectly reflected, when we have even died that others might live, are we even yet capable of the Great Renunciation? When, spent with the toil of many battles, although wearing the scars of the conqueror, when upon this restless mortal wheel of change and desire we no longer must go wearily round and round (its revolutions only prolonged by our blindness and ignorance, which are so slowly transmuted into sight and wisdom) when at last we reach the portals of rest, and gain the joy that remaineth for him who has finished his course, completed the complicated score, when finally an endless season of fruition is offered us, with opportunities for still further advancement, a wonderful, undreamed-of unfoldment in more etherial realms than the mind of man can conceive, the privilege of sitting at the feet of the Great Ones and imbibing their age-ripened wisdom, to assist at the birth of worlds as creators, manipulators of fire-mist and nebulæ, to listen to the

anthem of the morning stars as they sing together along their mighty courses; ah, shall we be found ready then to turn away from all that beauty, light and supernal blessedness, because our hearts so yearn over the misery and need of mortals on the lower worlds that we cannot enter Paradise while one soul is left in darkness? Can we then gladly renounce that rest and peace we have perfectly won and turn away therefrom cheerily, triumphantly, and go forth through the universe on our self-appointed task, our long eons of ministration for the upliftment and salvation of human souls?

Of course we engage in this altruistic work in a measure as arisen spirits in the spirit world, our resting-place between fleshly embodiments, but even returning spirits, as has been proven, have not outgrown selfishness, not always deceit, and many human traits, which shows the necessity of further opportunities for growth on this stage of action. Ruskin has written: "There is no

music in a rest, but there is the making of music in it." (There is advance in these interregnums between the active and unexpressed states). "In our whole life-melody, the music is broken off here and there, by 'rests,' and we foolishly think we have come to the end of the tune. Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the tune and not be dismayed at the 'rests.' They are not to be omitted. If we look up, God Himself will beat the time for us. With the eye on him we shall strike the next note full and clear." Aye, even though to complete the harmony, there must come a *Da Capo* to the primal theme of birth.

The state of the Mahatma, or the Master of spiritual harmony, must be won through long experience, the ripeness of the Avatar must be wrung from the flesh. Can we doubt that the Christ by his last life-path through Palestine, achieved for himself the crowning triumph of his long series of soul

expressions, as well as bringing to the world the light of truth, life and immortality? For he was not born for the first time as a Messiah; he was the fruit of all conquests, of complete mastery over matter. And when he was at last lifted up to his sublime sacrifice, he must thereby draw all men toward his victorious height.

We are a long distance, fellow travelers, from that glorious height, to-day, and we certainly cannot reach it in this one puny, limited expression which we call life. That is self-evident. How puerile, ignoble the thought, how restricted the childish gauge of time and sense. How little we comprehend the vast meaning of life, its full score, how limited is the human perspective, the mortal idea of perfect harmony! And yet we can almost rejoice that we are so far from those heights that beckon us onward and upward, because of the great joy of progression, of growing towards them, the blessed privilege of aspiration. To taste, hour by hour, the

victory of overcoming, to feel human selfishness lessen, and the spirit of self-abnegation growing easier, becoming our daily, normal expression, to feel our hearts glow with increasing love toward all the world until we see only the good gleaming through every perverted nature, are blind to error, shortening its existence thereby; this indeed is life. Do we not thus gain the meaning of the text: "God hath not eyes to behold iniquity" because Infinite Love is so supreme. Even human love finds it hard sometimes to see any fault in those whom it fondly loves.

Ah, how much there is to overcome, to transcend, to achieve, and we have entered on that path, the spiral path of progressive life. We shall not reach the goal in eighty or ninety years, but eternity is ours, its endless vistas and opportunities await us. And when we have advanced far enough to place our ears to Life's great graphophone and gain history's record of all our past soul

melodies, or the transcriptions in which we have shared, the future score still awaiting our performance, becomes more intelligent, more illumined with Life's full theme and purpose. This record of our past seems now a closed volume, but there are no closed volumes. All the expressions the soul has passed through, not yet recalled, are an eternal possession and supply us with a reserve force for present action which cannot be fully realized. That we are here to-day, proves that we did not finish our business the last time we passed this way, did not wholly perform our tasks, or, more probably, did not outgrow the desire for earthly pleasures, did not overcome our appetites, our love for that kind of music *of which form is the theme.* And so we have enchained ourselves to the plane of sensation. Desire is the mortal tuning-fork which sounds the key for human existence on the harp of the senses, but desire must be purified and transcended on the mortal plane. We cannot escape it

by leaving the body. Death can never bring us growth or realization of the life which is spirit, the only true life. It must be won here and now. It is possible to live on earth a life of pure spiritual consciousness. Without it, we are a walking statue, mute, vibrationless, not contributing one note to the universal harmony.

Spirit is the only breath of life, the God principle within. It is the Light which lighteth every soul. Thou, O groping mortal, art that Light which thou seekest — the Light of God. Then live no more in darkness, but walk in the supernal light of spirit. Climb through its radiance, and sound every note of the ascending scale to an ideal manhood, then to angelhood and god-hood. Live and reflect that light, be light to others who sit in the shadow of darkness. Be the sun to melt away their clouds of sorrow, of poverty or distress; be the healing for all their diseases.

Emerson deprecates a life that is like a

thunder shower, one moment revealing the distant horizon, the next too dark to see one's hand. There are in our mortal world of shades and contrasts such spasmodic lives, there are human meteors that flash across life's murky sky, leaving one clearly defined trail of light on watching eyes, ere they sink in darkness, or seek new paths beyond our ken. Then there are suns of first magnitude, glowing with fiery brilliancy, at perpetual perihelion, without eclipse, luminous time-balls, whose rising and setting illumine our daily task; there are fixed stars, steady and true in their lesser paths, breathing of peace and fidelity to doubting, skeptical mariners on life's ocean, and there are nebulæ still awaiting their hour of birth, their period of evolution.

We are all nebulous possibilities, floating not aimlessly, but in obedience to Law's mighty decree, awaiting our appointed course, when our fiery, chaotic hearts, becoming cooled by earth's cycling storms, shall grow

into bright stars, and thus serve as heavenly guides to other cosmic sparks. But the soul that aspires to greatness must be great now, it must be fed and nourished to-day, by ceaseless, deathless aspiration, it must hold absolute purity as its unswerving standard, purity of heart, of mind and therefore of body, purity of thought, emotion and desire. Thus is man lord of his destiny, thus is his free agency outwrought; thus can he decide his future, as his past already decides his present existence, thus will he carve out for himself just the kind of life he desires, during his next occupancy of the flesh. And if pure in heart, he shall inevitably "see God," and manifest divinity, become the savior and redeemer of other souls who are one with his own, those who are slowly climbing some of the lower rounds in the long ladder that slopes Godward.

"The soul which knoweth this itself
It is not born. It doth not die. It sprang

From none and it begetteth none. Unmade,
Immortal, changeless, primal. I can break
The body, but the soul I cannot harm.
Whoso hath laid aside desire and fear,
His senses mastered, and his spirit still,
Sees in the quiet light of verity
Eternal — safe — majestical — his soul.
It is not to be known by knowledge, man
Wotteth it not by wisdom; learning vast
Halts short of it; only by soul itself
Is soul perceived; when the soul wills it so
There shines no light save its own light, to show
Itself unto inself. None compasseth
Its joy who is not wholly ceased from sin,
Who dwells not self-controlled, self-centred, calm,
Lord of himself. It is not gotten else."

The following poem by Rev. S. B. Calthrop, appeared in *The Christian Register* nearly twenty years ago, and lest the lesson of unselfish love and divine sacrifice which it so beautifully inculcates, the mighty truth which it so subtly, potently portrays shall be missed by the present generation, it is here reproduced.

THE HEAVEN OF THE MOON.

They err, who dare to think that sacrifice,
Love's essence, lives on Earth alone, and dies
When Heaven is reached, as if the lower world
Surpassed the Higher in its crowning grace.
God's glory is to give Himself away.
Great depths of space, where once His Spirit moved
Alone, now sparkle with bright stars,— His love
Transformed to flame; are thick with worlds—His love
Shaping itself to Air and Sea and Land,
A Kingdom for His Sons, His Love made flesh,
Life of His very Life! . . . Since God is Love

His children, love-begotten, each and all
Must type God's highest glory in themselves,
And give themselves away! All this I learned
Summoned in dreams to Heaven of the Moon.

As some Astronomer, in far-off orb,
Seeing the Earth's light waning, might have said,
"Poor little star! its death comes on apace!"
And just then, Life began, the very goal,
God's reason for the Earth; so men have said
"The Moon is a dead world, its seas have shrunk
Within its bosom, as the mother's milk
Shrivels in breast of age! Its fair green fields,
Its trees, its flowers, and what so e'er of life
In beast or man, in tribe or nation, once
Seemed grand or beauteous as the life of Earth.
All, all are gone, the very air entombed
Deep in the soundless rocks, and all is bare,
Lifeless, and barren! Yet, just then began
The higher, heavenly life for all that dwelt
On our Companion-star! . . . All this I learned
Summoned in dreams to Heaven of the Moon.

"The Moon, the child from Earth's first birth-pangs torn,
Outran her mother in the starry race;

First knew the glory of awakening life
Thrilling in all her veins, first felt the touch
Of moss and lichen clinging to her breast,
First waved with forests, and first felt the tread
Of million, million footsteps, marching on
Toward Life, and more and more abundant Life;
First heard the praises of the Eternal ring,
First felt the touch of God's surrounding Love,
First built a human heaven . . . All this I learned
Summoned in dreams to Heaven of the Moon.

"And yet no Temple saw I, no great band
Of loving worshipers, no City vast,
Radiant in splendor. Only two I saw
Sitting alone, with Evening all around.
The sun was slowly sinking; and the Earth,
Vast as a giant's buckler, gleamed afar,
Her seas and continents aglow with light.
With fixed eyes, gazing on the Earth, they sat
Silent, while all their being spake to me.
Husband and wife they were. Never before
Had I once dreamed of Union like this.
Silent and deep in grand yet painful thought
They sat; yet, all the while, within her heart
A thousand little waves of loving thought

Rose toward him, and a thousand answering waves
Rose in his heart toward her. A billowy crest
Of Thought sublime in him, arose in her
Instantly, tinged with love — light that she gave,
While ever through and under all, I saw
One silent, vast, immeasurable Wave,
On which their being floated; and I knew
That was the love Divine, whose shoreless sea
Embosoms all the Worlds and Seas that are!
At last, in her I saw a storm arise
Of joy, and love, and grief unspeakable,
And then a fearful hush, as if the heart
Of that great tempest reached her. Then he spoke:

"Two souls, God-destined to become as one,
Together on the lowest round of life
Must start and climb together, round by round,
That sacred Ladder whose top reaches Heaven,
No tiniest germ forgotten as they climb.
The Sacrament of life, the Bread of Heaven
Is shared together with each poorest creature,
Else is the Bread not eaten, and the Cup
Of Blessing rests scarce tasted. Souls that love
Ascend together through all forms of life.
Now tiny insects, homing in the grass;

Now butterflies that quiver in the sun,
Now live the bird-life, loving in the air,
Till, gaining power by use, their Spirits pass
Upward to higher forms, through beast to man.
First ignorant and low, with here and there,
A glimpse, a touch, a dream of higher things,
But yet ascending still, from death to death,
Till glorious Manhood bursts upon their view.
And they know Heaven! How our bosoms swelled
That glorious day, when first to our twin souls
Came the amazing Memory of the past!

"How strange and sweet it was to trace the road
By which we mounted into life to see
That each Life-stage had glory of its own,
A beauty not another's; that the nest
We built together and the new-laid eggs,
The patient brooding and the flight for food,
The sweet maternal and paternal care
Of our new fledglings — that all this was ours,
Part of the mighty memories of the Past.
Then, then we knew we summed up in ourselves
Life of all creatures, and so learned to love
Life as God loves it, not one life left out.

" But, oh, what struggles ere the goal was reached,
The goal of our desires! How martyrs died
Our brothers with us, that our Truth might live!
What pangs we suffered, pangs that now shine fair,
God's stars within our memories' holiest heaven!
What aspirations high! What fellowship
With hearts that loved the tidings that we told,
For now we knew the final goal must be
One glorious union of the All of Life
Our beauteous World had borne, the Life Divine,
One in all bosoms and God all in all!

" Now it has come to pass. Not one thing failed
Of all that God had promised. Love and Truth
Reign here supreme. One song mounts up from all,
An endless Heaven of Joy and Light and Life
Is ever round us. We see, eye to eye,
And each new day brings grace and beauty new,
Some noble thought to share, some splendid task
A thousand minds may join in; while in all
Rises to God the Heart-song that He loves.
For ages we have lived thus, and have felt
That mind could not contain of God and Heaven
More than our minds were full of, could not dream
Of aught beyond; for all of God was ours,

"But now an Inspirstion, as we know
Out of God's inmost Being to our own
Has come, a flash of lightning, that reveals
Vast depths concealed before, until we gaze
Into the deep abysses of His Love,
Trembling to think that we must plunge therein.

"We have been silent. Little need of speech,
When thy soul sees the thought of mine, before
It mounts up from the inmost depths. But now
It is thy will, and therefore mine as thine,
That now I tell in words the mighty thought,
God-given, grand and terrible, that shakes
The very rock on which our being stands.

"Day after day, we watch yon mighty Earth,
The star which Heaven itself bound up with ours;
We see the struggles of its countless lives,
We feel the pangs they suffer, and we see
How close God is to all those weary hearts,
His healing touching their disease, His love
Wreathing itself around their loneliness;
And yet they see not, feel not, for the lack
Just of a Voice to tell them, of a Life

Bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh, — a Life
That sees as we see, and yet treads their soil,
And bears their burdens with them. Then the thought
Fell on us both like lightning, making clear
All that was dark, and pointing to a path
Concealed from Thought itself before, — a path
Of Pain and Sacrifice unspeakable,
Which yet we mean to tread. God has not been
Our very life to us so long in vain.
Now when His Voice hath called us in the Dark
Forward we go and trust in Him again —
Yea, though He slay us! Now that Voice hath said
'My children! ye have pitied my poor Earth
E'en with my Pity, and that Pity calls
That ye yourselves — leaving this glorious Light,
This Peace, this Heaven, that I in you have built,
This glorious Commonwealth of heavenly lives,
Where heart meets heart, soul answers unto soul,
Descend into the murk, that blindness there
And keeping only your unconscious selves,
Take flesh, be born, and slowly grow to power
To tell your message high — in earthly tones,
Mingled with earthly ignorance, but yet
Told — that my life may entrance gain at last
To poor worn hearts that pine away for Me!
For this ye will agree to part, to plunge

Into the black gulf of Forgetfulness,
Trusting alone to my unpromised Love,
That after struggling ages passed alone,
The glory of your mutual lives forgot,
Only dim memories of how fair Love is
Abiding with you, I may bid you both,
In some far Heaven, to know yourselves again.'

"Oh! when that Voice had passed, we almost felt
That God Himself had asked too much of us!
'Oh, anything but this! Impossible!
We cannot give up all the memory
Of our sweet Past together! keep but that,
And then we go forth joyful to our doom!'
"But then we knew full well that half the price
Paid nothing, that to go or not to go
Was in our power; but not to go — and stay,
And so, beloved, we go; obey the Voice
Obeyed in ages past 'mid grief and tears,
Obeyed 'mid Life and Light and Joy, obeyed
Lovingly ever, as we now obey.

"Farewell, my heart! soul of my soul, farewell!
Once more my very Being drinks in Thee,
Once more thine eyes look upward into mine

Sweet invitation, and once more, once more
The glory of thy Love is wrapped in mine!

"It is the end! Thy will, O God, be done!"

So, in my dream, I saw them, hand in hand,
Descend toward our poor Earth. The bliss behind
Called after them in vain. With steady step,
At last they reached the boundaries of that air
Through which no star can shine with light undimmed,
Ray undistorted . . . With one long embrace,
That told of endless memories of past love,
Of Separation's agony, of Faith
That God, in some vast far-off time of His,
Would make them one again, they sank to earth,
Hovering awhile above a city's murk,
Close to its ghastliest misery. Then a cry
Burst from her lips at last, — a long low cry,
As if her Spirit went forth with the cry:
"This, this is Death! . . . Already I forget!"

IV.

The Rhythm . . . . . Action

"Rhythm constitutes. as it were, the life and soul of all music."

H. Schutz.

"Keep time. How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept."

Shakespeare.

"Music is the fourth great want of our natures: first food, then raiment, then shelter, then music."

Bovee.

"Music to the mind is as air to the body."

Plato.

"Truth is the music of Heaven."

"I think sometimes could I only have music on my own terms, could I live in a great city and know where I could go whenever I wished the ablution and inundation of musical waves, that were a bath and a medicine."

Emerson.

IV.

"Music is the literature of the heart, it commences where words cease." It is that form of beauty — "that Beauty so ancient that Beauty ever new" — which enters the soul through the gateway of sound.

How easy is it to disguise the simplest air by changing the duration of the notes which compose it, so that it is recognized with difficulty, because its symmetry is destroyed, its action disarranged, its rhythm broken. Rhythm is a most potent law. Often indefinable as it is, how it runs through every expression of life. Even the writer of prose composition often finds a word of three syllables, instead of one of two, indispensable to complete his sentence satisfactorily, although he is not writing a poem, wherein rhythm is as essential as rhyme, indeed more so, since the latter is dispensed with

in what is known as blank verse, but rhythm is always imperative.

Nowhere is it more marked than in all of Nature's vocal expression. The hillside stream might perform its beneficent mission of bringing water to thirsty man or beast, without chattering forth its musical, rippling melody which charms the ear and heart alike, causing it to leap for joy with recognition of its delicate cadence, years after that vocal brook had been forgotten. Every waterfall has a voice, a language, a rhythm of its own, a musical scale of widest range, from the deep, thunderous boom of mighty Niagara to the airy, splashing play of mountain cascade, as it leaps from rock to rock, to break its descent with musical variation.

This is a most noticeable feature of the marvellous falls in the Yosemite valley. Their tremendous leaps of half a mile down the sheer, granite walls, with all the wild glory of that unwonted vision, the emerald sheen, the diamond spray broken into rain-

bows, the delicate shreds of lace frittered by the rocks and blown by the winds, into filmy threads, uniting the gorge's gaping chasms, the silvery banners of mist flung out here and there, to be pierced with weird effect by darting, descending white rockets, — all this beauty for the eye is eclipsed by the charm that greets the musical ear, which listens by the fading twilight to the suggested melody of the Undines, to the grand, reverberating symphony which Nature weaves out of the tears from her flying clouds. As Dr. Alger has said "Man could subsist without pansies and mocking-birds and rainbows and stars, but what variety in Nature's beauty, vast — universal — exquisite." And the rhythmic motif of the Divine Composer is everywhere manifest.

More than this, Nature is never on exhibition merely, it is perpetually in action, keyed to some grand purpose, and not slothful therein, as the apostle suggests, but "fervent in spirit, and serving the Lord," always

fulfilling the Infinite Plan, of which it is the embodiment and expression. And this is the lesson for man — action — service — advance, hurrying not nor resting not, but serving always the Infinite design in this human expression, the purpose of man's life, here and now.

There are mortals who seem only to be giving an exhibition of themselves, and very beautiful pictures they often present, the fairest unfoldment of Nature's charms (and sometimes of Art), but the valiant workers who have grown old and gray in faithful service for God and man, with the goal they seek yet unattained, realize that there must come an hour of awakening, sooner or later, to every idle soul, an hour when the bridegroom of Truth shall come and go into the Feast of Wisdom and of Love and the door shall be shut on the foolish ones who have no oil in their lamps, no spiritual light, and must seek it sorrowing.

If an appeal could reach the ears, or touch

the heart of any mortal pursuing such careless existence, such pleasure-seeking lives, it should be a clarion tocsin note of challenge to awaken them from their lethargy, a summons that would help them to live in earnest, to be less absorbed with things, with the desire to possess things (their ideals narrowed to the plane of material wealth and comfort), to discover the emptiness of a merely mortal life whose false treasures perish with the using, a charge that would spur them to the heights, urge them to be free, to come out and be separate, and live the clean healthy life of the spirit. Naught else at last suffices, and above all, these idlers on Life's stage should see the necessity, be seized with the fervent desire to work — work — act in the living present, strong "heart within and God o'er head."

And for those loyal laborers in the spiritual vineyard, often spent with ceaseless effort, whose toil seems a weary, uncongenial round, like the task of Sisyphus rolling to the top of

a hill the heavy stone which always falls back again, let them seek to find the true rhythm of life, the harmony of its action, and accord therewith. Let them gain their own true key-note and then remain in tune, be ensphered by the atmosphere of harmony until the soul of music pervades the entire being. For the soul is ever the dancing-master, the mortal only the shoe. Ennoble toil by discovering its true place and interval in the scale of life. One piece only of the voluminous score is entrusted to each performer, which he alone can render, accurately and well, and the perfect effect of the entire symphony will be lacking without his part. All work can thus be idealized, can become harmonious if it is attuned to the rhythm of the Deific Breath, potent example of perpetual action, that Breath which sways the tree-tops, voices sweet echoes through the forests, and rules the tides, with rhythmic modulation of ebb and flow, in storm and calm alike.

For this also is a part of Life's rhythm — its lights and shadows. Every life finds its minor keys eventually, its sobs and wails, its pains and its yearnings for a lighter, easier measure, with fewer accidentals, a less pronounced dissonance, its longings for the resultant tonic chord of Love. Yet suffering is the gateway of all birth. No life can escape it until human imperfection shall be outgrown through this prince of teachers. How shall it be met? With cowardly shrinking and timorous complaints, an endeavor to evade what is usually the offspring of our own mistakes, our own chickens coming home to roost, or shall we seek chiefly the lesson it can surely teach, meet it bravely, even hospitably, with welcoming arms — this angel of a higher birth.

Can we not all look back on sorrows that are now happily past, with grateful, reverent hearts for their beneficent mission, the growth we wrenched therefrom, the clearer insight, the broad education they brought us?

Though Christ was a Son, yet learned he wisdom and obedience by the things which he suffered. Moses in the wilderness, lifted upon the cross, the serpent, emblem of wisdom, and only the cross-bearer to-day, finds the pathway to Wisdom. But long delayed is his ascent to those heights of the soul, when the cross is evaded, or weakly, rebelliously borne. There is one way, only one, in which suffering, or the need of it, can be outgrown. There is a royal road to wisdom and peace, but few there be that find it.

In this age of practicalization of spiritual truth, we have already out-grown in a great measure all bodily suffering. In the past few years, we have transcended to a wonderful degree the physical plane, simply by discovering and exercising our innate spiritual possibilities to dominate material conditions, and by bringing ourselves in harmony with spiritual laws. It would seem quite laughable to many of us to be overtaken with mumps and fevers, chilblains or other ills

of the flesh from which mortals often suffer. Then, on a higher plane, will there not possibly dawn ere long, a still fairer day when the personal will has become so perfectly merged in the Divine will, their rhythmic response so complete, that the action of the one is the choice of the other; and attunement is gained with universal action. This is the royal road to the heights. Affliction must then lose its sting, loss or misfortune be unknown. Peace is thereby won. Our present sufferings should serve to drive us (where the magnet of love failed to draw us), to this great and blessed consummation, or should remind us of such high privilege.

There are disciples of a stricter school — who often proclaim that which is undoubted truth in an unpalatable way — who are perhaps right in their statements that all suffering is in mortal mind, not that it is a fiction of the mind, by no means imaginary, but when the spiritual mind becomes illumined by the light of Truth, becomes one with the

Father in plan and purpose, then suffering can exist no more. But such disciple makes a mistake, it would seem, of not admitting the beneficent ministry of pain during the harmonizing process, which position is illogical, unbiblical, for it is stated in Scripture, that even the Christ was perfected through suffering; there is no other way for us. It has also been claimed that if we believe suffering is necessary for our purification, we by that means attract it into our lives. Yes, it may be so, if soul-yearning for such purification becomes as it should, a masterful desire.

But there are other ways of attracting it within our sphere, besides holding the belief in its benign ministry. The pessimistic outlook, the crossing bridges before you come to them, noting the blackness of clouds in the distance at the horizon, when overhead, as MacDonald has reminded us, they are scarcely gray; habits of worry, which the old minister said on his death-bed had

caused him to suffer tortures over the things which had never happened. But the chief, primal cause of human woes is the prominence of the self, of personal choosing.

This is the central germ of mental pain, the exaltation of the lower self-hood, the dominance of the personal will instead of harmonious attunement with the Divine will; this must inevitably create suffering perpetually. We mortals think if we could choose our way, and order the events of our life to our own liking, how happy we should be. It is the goal of earthly happiness we seek in our selfish aims, and when we are met, face to face, by one of God's more universal laws, made for the multitude more than the individual, we soon break, or bruise ourselves upon it. It is only by forgetting self, renouncing self, that peace is won, which is a far more abiding, precious possession than that uncertain, variable will-of-the-wisp which the world calls happiness.

Growth is the true goal, not happiness, the

unfoldment of every divine power and possibility within us, and spiritual heights are never gained but by the pathway of sorrow. The fairest flowers of the soul blossom on the stem of pain. For how can strength be born without first the struggle for the mastery, and omnipotence is our pattern and prototype? How can warm, tender sympathy for other's needs be felt until we have first been in direful need of sympathy ourselves, until we have been in all points tempted like as those unto whom a chastened heart alone can minister; how can any true education be gained until it is educed, drawn forth from within, after bitter lessons have been learned by a soul once fettered and cumbered by mundane driftwood? We do not dream what brilliant diamonds we may yet become if strong and heroic enough to welcome the polishing-wheel. Then seek to understand the laws of being, bring your life into harmony with those laws, whence further discipline, or education along that line, will be

unnecessary. Life is a vast workshop, and we are the half-finished products thereof. Society is composed of unfinished, incomplete personalities, who manifest different stages of burnishing, and who very slowly learn the lesson that there is no forgiveness of sin at Nature's tribunal. A broken law, a debasing impulse, exacts its penalty to the utmost farthing. Then sow what you wish to reap. Gain from all adverse experience the lesson it came to teach, glean from it fortitude, endurance, spiritual mastery. For there comes a time when none of these things move us whatever befalls, when all suffering is outgrown, because the need of it is past, when divine harmony replaces all earthly discord. Dante gained the beatific vision only by his passage through hell.

The same rhythm of expression in the life and growth of a soul which nature displays in her alternate day and night, summer and winter is found in the old problem of good and evil; our radical friends here again

affirming that "all is good, there is no evil." As well proclaim that all apples are ripe, there are no green ones. For evil is only the green apple slowly getting ripe. There are different stages of growth and some souls ripen very slowly. They are not then evil, in the sense of vicious, but merely imperfect, not yet grown to fruition; and mistakes are often necessary as stepping-stones on which to climb to grander heights.

If we want to acquire that most godlike of all virtues — patience, that pure edelweis of the soul, blossoming far up above the snow-line of mundane expression — it can only be laboriously won after we have yielded repeatedly to vexation, petulance, even anger, until trials unnumbered are rightly borne. If we desire to fulfill our strictest sense of supreme justice until it shall become a flaming fire within the soul, we will perhaps have to be goaded into learning this lesson by the remorse and sting of conscience occasioned by the wrong inflicted on some

brother, rendering him evil for evil instead of good for evil as we should do, even to our worst enemy, that is, if this particular green apple is approaching an advanced stage of growth. And those of us who have come onto this plane of expression, this embodiment, with the sense of righteous equity so strong within us from the first, that we recoil with horror and amazement from any exhibition of injustice in another, and cannot understand the nature that could thus express itself, simply reveal how thoroughly this lesson was learned in the last term of Life's school, as it must be learned through hard experience sometime, as all knowledge is gained, and only thus.

The Infinite Law back of all expression, that wondrous Voice which spoke the mandate "Let there be light," also ordained the darkness, or rather because of the revolution of planetary bodies around a luminous centre, throwing the reverse side of such globes into temporary eclipse, alternate light and dark-

ness became a necessity. Darkness is also necessary for the maintenance of all life, human, animal or vegetable, for even a plant can be tortured to death by being kept awake, if placed under artificial light when twilight falls upon the earth. The day must die that life may be born anew. Does it then follow that evil is a beneficent feature of life? Is it also divinely ordained, or permitted that man may know by contrast what Good Is, how beautiful, adorable it is? Does he need the blackness of the appalling shadow to drive him to the Light? It is true that we should never know the sensation of sweetness if we tasted only sugar. This necessary law of contrast must obtain also in the moral realm, the shadow is inevitable there, for in a sinless world, while conduct might be perfect, the moral element would be lacking. Even though evil is self-manufactured, the result of human ignorance and mistake, the persistence with which man stands with his back to the light, facing the shadow, it still occupies

a valuable feature in the economy of his unfoldment. He would have no spiritual strength, no growth, no victory without this opposing force which we call evil. The brave are not those who have never known fear, but they who have had their direful fears and have conquered them. It is he that overcometh who bears the new name and receives the crown of life, but how can he overcome that which he has no contact with? How win the laurels except in the blood-stained trenches of Life's battle field, and how could there be conflict without a foe? How could we know the Good and seek the Good without its antithesis to arouse our intelligent choice, our resolve to choose this day whom we will serve? Man must work out his own salvation and gain the wisdom to which he aspires by hard experience, must thus outgrow the error incident to immaturity.

Purity is a very different quality from innocence and only won through a very deep

knowledge of evil, after repeated conflict with evil in varied forms, until innocence is strangled and dead. It is not the innocent who are filled with all the fullness of God, who reflect the divine life in richest measure, but those who have become triumphant gladiators in the fierce arena of the world. The peace and reward of the eternal world must have known its Gethsemanes. In this light all is good, there is indeed no evil, only a helpful shadow to reveal the light. But there is no way for a growing apple to become a great, rosy-cheeked, juicy apple but by long days of preparation, during which it is hard and green and sour and bitter, though representing even then the best condition possible ere ripeness obtains, as does man in his sins. He will ripen into goodness eventually, and then with active, dominant virtue acquired, he will not need to seek further temptation to retain his virtue in a healthy state. He will be so filled with the Infinite Radiance himself, that his light will shine forth to illumine every

path which his groping brother treads. He will serve as a ray of living sunshine.

The law of cause and effect (another rhythmical expression of Divine Law) cannot be gauged by its seeming sway during one cycle of the sun. It cannot be limited by the pendulum of time, even though the clock of mortal existence should be wound up to run for a century. Like the two pillars of an arch, which figure has been used to symbolize man's free agency and God's sovereignty, their point of contact, or of union, is above the clouds, beyond mortal vision. This is the soul's eternal rhythm, its law of action, in alternate expression and withdrawal, action and rest, seed-sowing and harvest, or fruition. Ever the pendulum sways between the subjective and objective planes, between existence and life, or between life in the mortal and in the spiritual realms. It swings backward and forward, on through the centuries, the eons, the eternities which are but as a moment to the Infinite Cause of all life which we call

Deity, perhaps only a second also to the aspiring, tireless soul.

"O wondrous Life, vain, vain our best endeavor
To pierce its secrets, we can only trust
A care, a love encircles us forever,
And we are safe, though dust returns to dust."

Mrs. Browning has written: "Day by day, I weave my rhythmic thought," and this is the lesson for each day of our earthly pilgrimage — to weave — to accomplish — to achieve. Action, strong, pure, forcible action should be (as is the rhythm of musical harmony) the *recurrence of accent*, the pulsation and soul that mark its individual expression and character. Then strive to build up a noble character, live not carelessly, aimlessly. Row valiantly against mundane currents instead of drifting with the tide. Keep always the one aim in view, the attainment of the Divine image and likeness, for whose perfect reflection you will strongly carve and hew away at all material conditions, as the

sculptor strikes off the clay that eclipses his ideal of beauty. Put the best endeavor of your whole soul, each day, each hour, into everything you do. Only thus is progression possible. And this is eternal action — the rhythm of Divine Law. Seek for harmony always, maintain it at any cost. Make of life a full, rich melody. Let no discord enter the sacred precincts of your thoughts, and thus preserve your acts from jangling vibrations, so that in some distant realm of song, ye may one day rehearse the triumphant chorus that voices the victory of a human soul.

"We are not here for holidays — our lives are not for dreaming,
While toiling hands and busy heads are laboring all around.
Men are stirring, wheels are whirring, fires gleaming, vessels steaming,
There is work on land and ocean and in regions underground;

And full often, as I ponder, o 'er some lofty pile upspringing,
On triumphant deeds accomplished, on some mighty victory won,
I find that in my ears a chime of thought has been set ringing,
All great works are made up of little works well done."

V.

The Melody . . Progression

"Melody is the very life-blood of music,
Melody alone constitutes the essence of all music."

Raff.

"Friends should not only live in harmony but in melody."

Thoreau.

"The life that is in tune with the melodies of heaven cannot fail of being happy."

J. H. Shorthouse.

"Since ever the world was fashioned,
Water and air and sod,
A music of divers meaning
Has flowed from the hand of God.
In valley and gorge and upland,
On stormy mountain height,
He makes him a harp of the forest,
He sweeps the chords with might.
He puts forth his hand to the ocean.
He speaks and the waters flow;
Now in a chorus of thunder,
Now in a cadence low.
He touches the waving flower bells,
He plays on the woodland streams

A tender song like a mother
Sings to her child in dreams.
But the music divinest and dearest,
Since ever the years began,
Is the manifold passionate music
He draws from the heart of man."

Anon.

"For educational purposes music is invaluable. It softens the young barbarian, it makes him use his fingers deftly, it lifts him up, if makes him receive messages from another world, it makes him feel the charm of melody and beauty. True it is, music gives us a new life, and to be without that life is the same loss as to be blind, and not to know the infinite blue of the sky, the varied verdure of the trees, or the silver sparkle of the sea. Music is the language of the soul but it defies interpretation. It means something, but that something belongs not to this world of sense and logic, but to another world quite real, though beyond all definition."

Max Muller.

V.

Auerbach has beautifully said that "Music washes from the soul the dust of every-day life." It surely lends wings to the soul to mount in consciousness to its own celestial realm, for which in homesickness it often yearns, when almost suffocated on the dry land of earth. Music's divine vibrations forcefully act and re-act upon the soul. Life in the upper realms pulsates with divine harmonies, and what would mortal existence be without this magic art? "Is it the evening breath of the life we have lost, or the morning breath of the life to come?"

The thoughts that ripen in the human brain are garnered into word-sheaves by the voice or pen, but music is the only adequate language for voiceless emotion, for sentiment that no speech can ever interpret, for inspiration far beyond the silver-tongued utterance

of any orator. It is pre-eminently the language of the unspeakable. Blessed speech, all-potent tongue! We feel its blessedness, we reverence its sublimity, its power to uplift the serf to angelic stature, to put a dauntless courage into the soldier approaching battle, to cheer the saddened, redeem the tempted and erring, to elevate and refine its devotees, a force we sense when we cannot comprehend it. Lulling the storms of passion, driving dull care away, sweetening with peace ineffable the carping toils of life; ah, it is what music makes us *feel*, not simply what we *hear*, that brings us in kinship with the good, the noble, the eternal; the rhythmic harmony of vibrations touches the soul, lifts our rate of consciousness to a higher attunement, because Music is the vital breath of the Central Soul enshrined in all life.

How it differs from all other arts! To use Wagner's comparison, "Music is to other arts what religion is to the church." The sculptor has to use the densest of material, and

laboriously copy his ideal. The painter still copies mundane scenes, his fidelity thereto gauging the world's acceptance of his work. The author, who perhaps rises nearer the springs of inspiration, is sadly fettered by the limitations of human language and finite comprehension. But the musician knows his listener has a heart to feel and yearn, a soul to respond whether his mind is tutored in the manual of harmony and thorough bass, or not. The intangible air is his invisible, vital material, and creation, not a faithful copy, his heavenly possibility and prerogative. A beautiful thought, rhythmically expressed in poetry, may stir the heart with harmonious vibrations and lift it above the ordinary discords of life, but it must find entrance through the gateway of intellect, reason and judgment, when all these faculties are alert, but the reposeful, effortless absorption of inspiration's message is then impossible, which baptism the song without words can impart when King Intellect is temporarily

dethroned and the soul regains its kingdom.

Just what that supernal message is which music breathes from the realm of spiritual harmony to the exiled spirit on earth, no human language can ever translate, since soul consciousness has no tongue but feeling, no speech for human ears, but the spirit remembers the language of its native home and it responds, throb for throb, to each pulse-beat of those forceful waves that sweep the lyre strings of Life's great Harp. What a beneficent treatment such feast must prove, inevitably raising the vibration of the listening patient as surely, scientifically, more potently than the ministration we call metaphysical. Human organisms are distinctly musical instruments as are worlds and all moving existences. On the psychical or subjective plane, vibrations exactly register thought and emotion, and in the spiritual realm they are rendered palpable in form, color and tone. All affinities and antipathies are explicable in the light of the true theory

of vibration. And if panics of fear can be conveyed through a crowd by the thought waves of the silent air, how much greater the power of transmitting pure and noble sentiment when those air currents have voice, and their melodious vibrations swell and thrill through every spiritual fibre of the being. We must keep time to the music. We are lifted on the crest of Harmony's wave. It is flood-tide in the soul.

Our state of human unfoldment exhales a decided color as is well known to those of clairvoyant sight. In the world of spirit it is impossible for any one to keep up appearances on small moral capital. If thought and action are impure, the surrounding atmosphere, even the garments which the spirit wears, will be dark and murky, while between that state and the shining radiance of those white robes worn by the purified soul, there are countless colors and tints all a vibratory expression on the plane of light, of spiritual growth, or lethargy.

Similarly, we are constantly creating our individual tone-vibrations and we might almost pity our guardian angels at times, if they have a good ear for music, that they are forced to listen to the jangle of discords and accidentals which our imperfect living creates. But with patient, long-suffering endeavor, with prompting and impression they faithfully strive to raise the life-pitch nearer that clear, full note struck by the tuning-fork of the soul. How gladly we would all welcome the day when human beings who have lost the true tone of health, instead of being drugged and carved and vivisected, might be tuned into physical harmony as is a flat-toned piano, and then be fed and nurtured by the vibrations of sweet sounds and delicate colors surrounding them, thus lifting their spiritual consciousness to normal tone.

It may have been generally supposed that there was only a sentimental consanguinity between flowers and music, but scientific experiment in these latter days has discovered

that the growth of flowers is actually affected by the throb of musical harmony, that if a certain gray fibrous matter is subjected to a long course of the sound of the note C it will change to blue; and it has even been demonstrated that various plants will die if subjected to musical tones, while others thrive all the more in a musical atmosphere. The experiment is now being tried in Japan in the cultivation of orchids. These flowers are grown in enclosures where certain notes are constantly played. This gives the plants just that amount of vibration which they require for their full development, and which they do not receive from the sunlight.

Vibration? It is the very breath of God, pulsing through all His universe. We become gods in miniature when we concentrate our vibrations in volition for noble action, when we breathe beneficent thought waves over our suffering brother. Prof. Dolbear says: "If we can prove that thought produces the motion of one atom or molecule of

matter, as in the case of light and heat, then we have as scientific solution of the law of telepathy, or the transference of idea, as in the case of heat waves that flood the universe." Then through this vibratory law, can we not understand how potent even mental treatment can become to relieve suffering and restore waning power, because it replaces the distinctive elements of mental and spiritual discords by the harmonious action of thought waves pulsing with love, trust and divine union. Choose what waves you will vibrate with, the major or the minor tones, and then decide to remain in tune.

History writes its indelible records in the music of the various countries of the civilized world. Their inner life can perhaps best be revealed through their national songs, ballads and martial lyrics. Plato affirmed that "a change in the songs of musicians can change the state of commonwealths." What a varied language Music hath, as diverse as is the human soul! The weird runes and

quaint folk-songs of the Scandinavians are crisp and strong as the northern, pine-laden breezes which inspire them, while in tropical and almost barbaric contrast are the rollicking, dashing melodies of the Hungarians, their picturesque, pantomimic Czardas, and spirited national Rackoczy. A Gypsy band may not rank as classical musicians, or be strictly faithful to harmonic laws, but what warmth and color they exhibit, how rich and florid and whimsical, how sad and pathetic is the musical feast they provide. It were easy to state *what* these children of the sunshine and the forest play, but *how* their selections are rendered is beyond description only in the language of the soul (that soul perhaps, which thus gains echoes of a life of wild, semi-barbaric freedom, it once has known, and thus re-collects a leaf from an earlier spring in Life's long story). For Music, like speech, is untranslatable to alien ears, and this Hungarian harmony, or the paucity of it, its defiance of regular *tempo* or rules

of technique, creates an art which has been nurtured by experiences of life to which we are strangers. It is a breath of the Orient, which our colder clime and race can never reproduce.

How inevitably the type of character, spiritual or intellectual, *allegro* or *adagio*, is revealed in a composer's work. And in the realm of musical composition, man, even on this mortal plane, becomes "one with the Father," proves himself also a Creator, as he gives birth to a new world of harmony out of silence, even as God out of darkness and void, spoke into action the primeval Light. Then chaos became cosmos, as now from a tangled jargon of vibrations, a wilderness of sound, beautiful harmony is born, and mere noise becomes intelligent melody, conveys a potent message to ear and heart alike, until thought is illumined and life is spiritualized. Tones are to feeling and emotion what words are to thoughts, their tangible expression, but "a song will outlive all sermons in the

memory." Music also always cheers, refines and uplifts, while words sometimes agitate and annoy. No one could quarrel through the agency of music, although musicians have been known to quarrel, but they then leave their art behind them, all the heavenly grace and blessedness of it and descend to brutal speech and agitated mental clashings, with selfishness as their theme.

The first rule of Music as of Law, is Order. That divine orderly sequence which all natural growth exhibits, must rule in the courts of harmony, as it should always reign in the human heart. Some erudite thinkers have chosen to designate the Infinite Neumenon, and all resultant phenomena, as Divine Order. The orderly person is always the harmonious person, and harmony leads toward divinity. But there is more than harmony in the outworkings of Infinite Law. Its voice is Melody. What else could inspire the gay carol of the birds, no two songs alike, or in the same key, what else speaks

in the merry rippling laughter of the mountain brook, in the reverberation of the mighty artillery of the clouds, or the soft minor moaning of the wind among the rustling leaves. How greatly does Nature's music enhance her charms, how different the quality of her song, how diverse the sentiment awakened by that weird, sad, restless monotone of the sea and the tinkling, chattering flow of rollicking waterfall, or between the sad, soughing pine, and the merry clap, clap of the poplar leaves! What wide range of tone between that rapturous, sunny trill of the lark echoing through the leafy arches of the forest, which sweet refrain the listener holds his breath to catch, and that harsh prolonged buzz and whir of the August cricket, which often taxes the sensitive ear to the limit of endurance, and yet the cricket's high-keyed note is never heard save when the exuberance of the summer is at highest tide. Music is still the vibrant breath of all life. What stirs the tense

strings of the æolian harp to melody where the winds are the only performers? Even silence is vocal with the rhythm of the Infinite thought.

Can we believe that the music of the spheres, as the mighty planets move along their etheric courses, the vibrations of that creative scale to which suns and worlds are tones and semi-tones, bear no melody? Is it suggestive of octaves or chords merely, in harmonious attunement? Can we not readily conceive that some grand anthem of praise, or of aspiration, is sounded from that mighty key-board, some glorious diapason inconceivable to finite apprehension, but which can be comprehended and enjoyed by archangelic auditors? And can we not believe that the theme of this stellar oratorio is, must ever be —Progression, the innate melody of every world as of every soul? How else could the nascent nebulæ become the teeming planet, bearing on its breast its wealth of vegetable, animal and human life? How else would

the acorn become the giant oak, the babe grow into the man, the criminal become the future Christ? Praise unspeakable to the All-Wise Giver of every blessing for this crowning possibility, this Law of necessary advance, this impetus of constant, persistent progression toward a higher ideal. This is our human birthright, however tardy we are to enter upon its possession. We cannot stand still. The Law forbids. Each new morrow must find us farther than to-day, farther on our course toward the goal that like a magnet draws us with strong, welcome potency. We may not realize marked advance in the daily walk, but the cumulative harvest of the years must work out an exceeding weight of glory. To this end we must listen now to the inspiration of our own souls, catch the melody to which our lives should be attuned, that when some hour of grand performance comes, the full score be ready, and our part in its interpretation, even though it be but one minor chord, shall ring true and

clear, shall not be missing from the full-toned symphony.

For on this mortal scale of life, we can approach attunement with the music of the spheres, with those mighty laws whose operations on the stellar key-board, discharge a distinct melody; we can accord with divine harmonies, with that universal action which links humanity with omnipotence, endows it with power to conquer pain, overcome error, heal the sick and give sight to the blind, lifts its consciousness to a knowledge and realization of the potencies of Spirit, the beauty and fragrance of the life which is Spirit, pure, absolute, emancipated spirit for embodied as well as disembodied spirits (since we shall not soon know complete freedom beyond the veil unless we have won it upon this plane of action); a growth in spirit, an ever-increasing, mightier grasp of all spiritual possibilities, an ever-progressive advance day after day, hour by hour, on — on toward that wondrous goal of all spiritual striving — con-

scious one-ness with the Great Spirit — the Source — the vibrating, rhythmic Breath of all Life, all Purity and Power.

Then sing your Easter carols *con spirito*, *every* day, your peans of resurrection from the grave of mortal birth, from this veil of Maya which eclipses the true vision of the soul. Lay in the grave of oblivion all taint of materiality, of ignoble conception, of limited ideal, and with the death of the old, gain the new birth of the spirit, of triumph over the weakness and bondage of the flesh, and thus gain clearer vision, deeper revelations and realizations of Truth, of an ideal which we love and proclaim, which we intend to live for, are willing to die for, pledging to it to-day and always, our unswerving fidelity, devotion and service, world without end. Sound the glad chorus of arisen Love, of universal, unexcepting Love, without whose unfoldment every life is deformed. Sink your plummet deep into this wondrous sea of life, seek to fathom some of its mysteries, more

fully gauge its boundless possibilities; skim not the rippling bubbles of frothy existence, but live in earnest, grandly live in deed and in truth, live in rhythmic response to the undulating harmony of divine currents.

The Light within the soul is one with the Light ineffable to which it aspires, the keynote of its fervor is the same Love that feeds the Eternal Fire brooding over all other forms of life, its strength to endure, to perform, is a quenchless stream from Omnipotence, its desire for Truth, for the revelation of Divine Wisdom, which is the only real sustenance of the soul, is enkindled from an exhaustless Omniscence; ah, indeed is it *one with the Father*, and thus it catches the divine tune, the melody of progressive unfoldment, and cannot help but advance onward, ever on toward perfection, although the final double-bar can never be reached, since the finite cannot become the Infinite.

O but the joy of growth, of feeling the thrill of response between Spirit and spirit,

of catching the matchless glow of the divine fervor within our own hearts, of knowing that we are daily, more and more transcending the human, overcoming mortal frailties, approaching nearer the divine. Let this be the melody of mundane existence, our Song of Life, and not ours alone, but may we assist all other lives to become one grand sweet song, for we cannot ascend the scale of life alone; we lift all souls in our environment into accord with the high note we strike, the rapid vibrations our advance has stirred. The harmony we express must overpower many discords, because it is divine law. "God and one make a majority." And how blessed to become animated tuning-forks for the world, to raise the pitch of its inconsonance, to sing the old songs of existence, of birth and seeming death, of trial and discipline, in a new key, a more complete universal harmony.

Never lose the gladness of music from the heart, its potent message from the life. Hold

firm to the concert pitch of the soul; do not fall below it in your mortal expression. Your scale is wide enough for grandest, fullest effort. Listening ears await the majestic strain you will create, or will interpret as the score is transmitted, note by note, from the Master of all harmony, the Source of all vibration, hence of Life, Freedom and Health.

On wings of harmony we rise,
Wafted to gates of paradise;
Music the ether where we float
Out from earth's discords, to remote
And undiscovered melodies,
To past supernal memories,
Where life was pure and breath was tone;
Th' enfranchised spirit seeks its own
True Source, the soul's key-note above,
The tonic chord — the Father's love.

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